

Kaw-Liga

Hank Williams

Kaw-Liga was a wooden Indian, standin' by the door
He fell in love with an indian maid, over in the antique store
Kaw-Liga, ooh
Just stood there, and never let it show
So she could never answer yes or no He always wore his Sunday feathers, and held a tomahawk
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk
Kaw-Liga, ooh
To stubborn to ever show a sign
Because his heart is made of knotty pine Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he never got a kiss
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-Liga, that poor old wooden head Kaw-Liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere
His heart was set on the Chocktaw maid with the coal-black hair
Kaw-Liga, ooh
Just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer yes or no And then one day, a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid
And took her oh-so far away but ol' Kaw-Liga stayed
Kaw-Liga, ooh
Just stands there, as lonely as can be
And wishes he were still an ol' pine tree Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he never got a kiss
Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder, that his face is red?
Kaw-Liga, you poor, ol' wooden head

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>